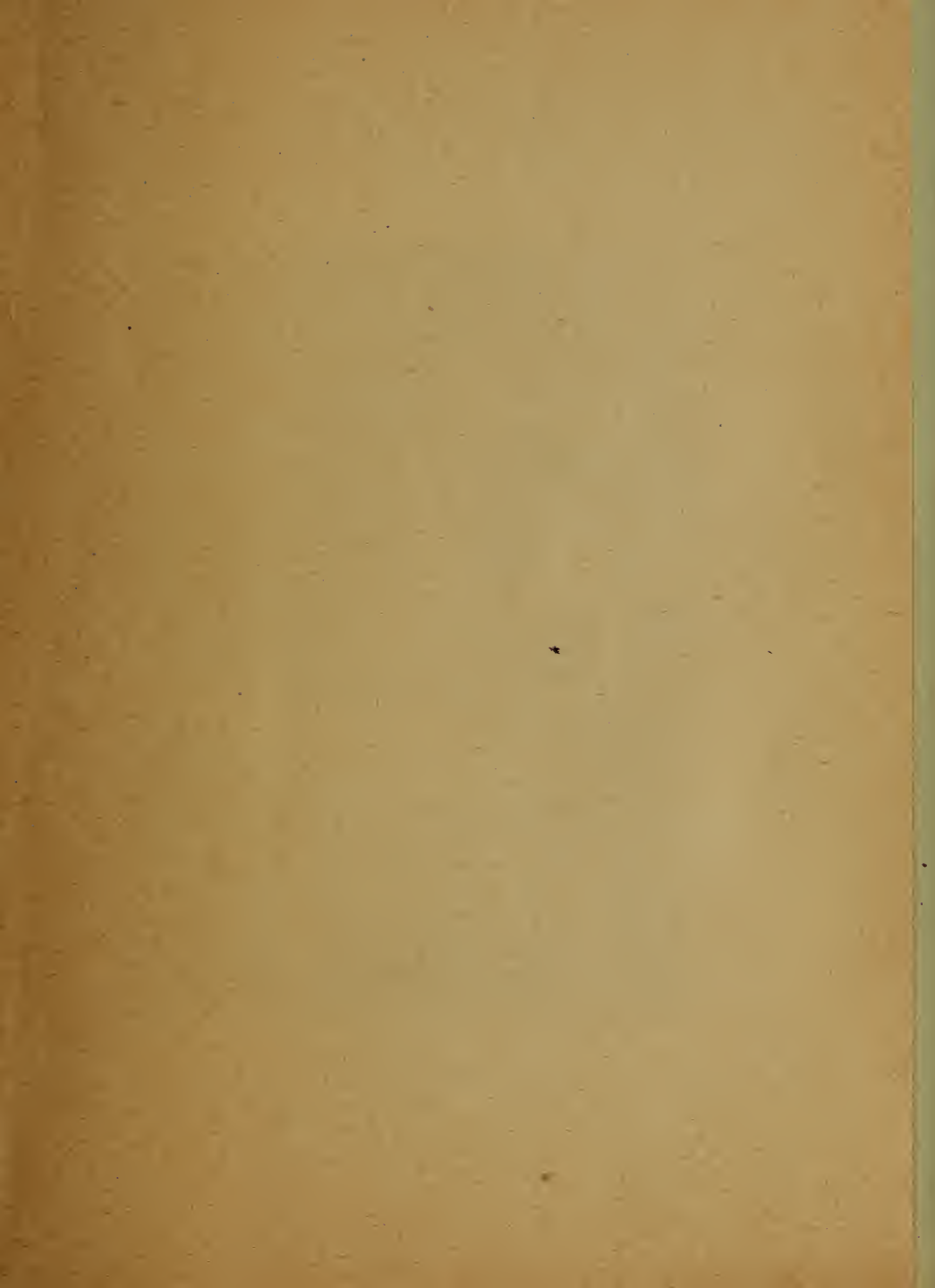
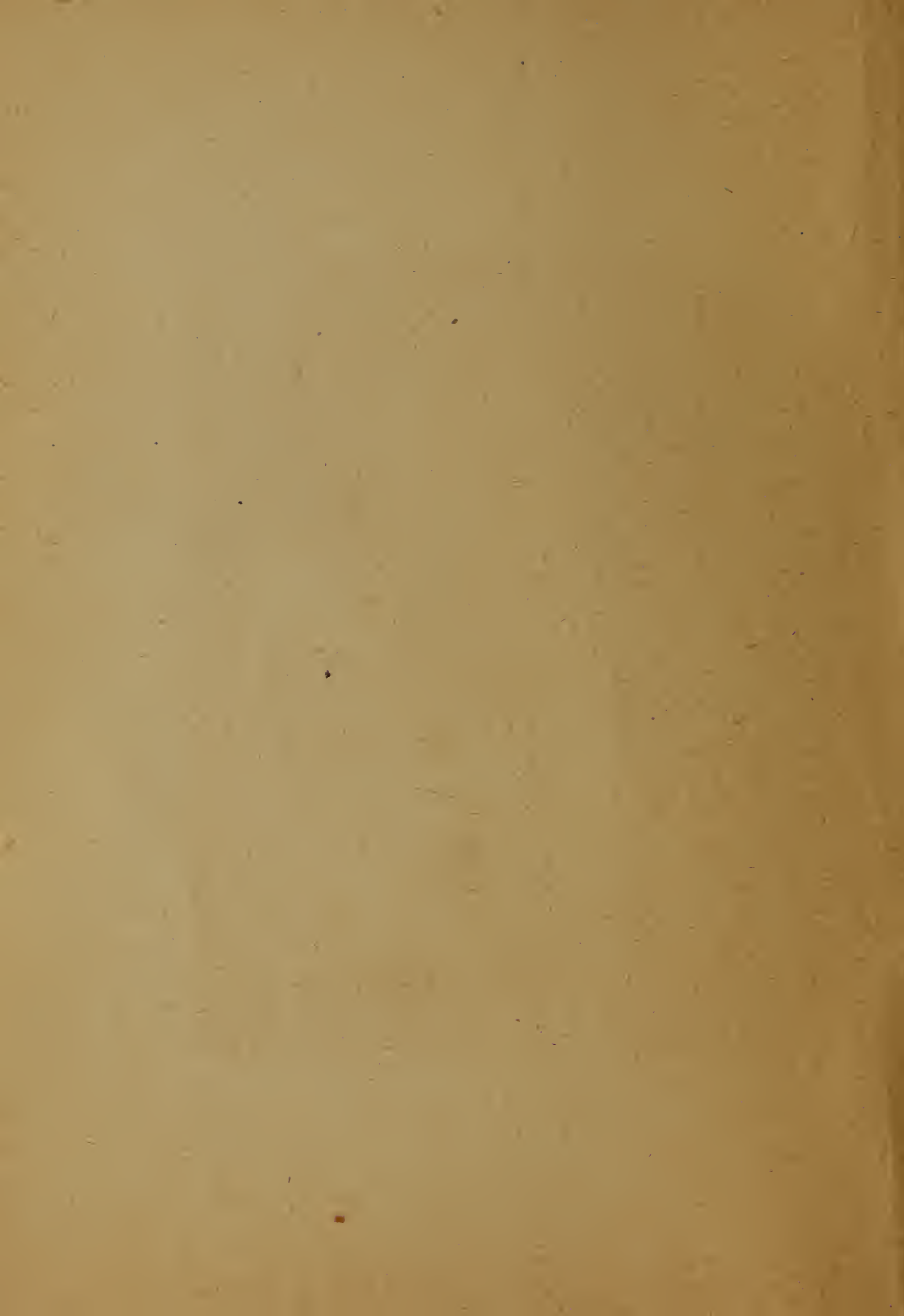


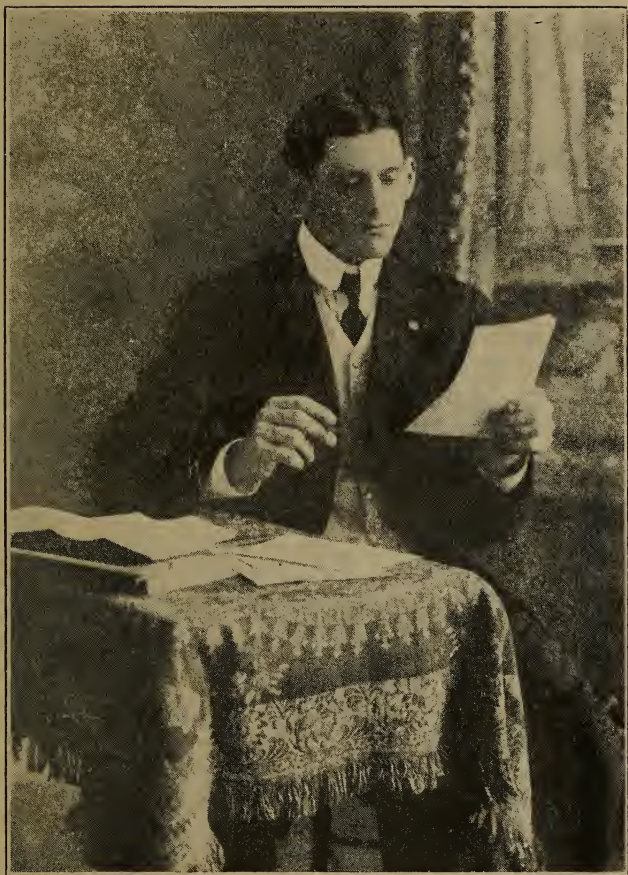
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SONGS OF
THE MISSISSIPPI









JACOB IRVING HESS

SONGS OF
THE MISSISSIPPI

By

Jacob Irving Hess

"

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The Chillicothe Fair.

The folks all seem excited,
As they march around the square,
Listening to the bands play Dixie,
At the Chillicothe Fair.

You can see the grand old Farmer,
With a smile upon his face,
As he takes his dear old woman
All around the Market Place.

And you bet yer bottom dollar
Just as sure as you wuz born,
He will take the highest prizes,
With his pumpkins, hogs and corn.
An' he'll smile and laugh and chuckle,
An' he'll treat you on the square,
If you'll take the time to greet him
At the Chillicothe Fair.

And the stars and stripes are hoisted,
You can see flags where you please;
They are smiling on the farmer,
As they float upon the breeze.
You can see the prancing horses,
And the cattle here and there,
As the brass bands play their music
At the Chillicothe Fair.

And his pretty smiling daughters
Show the rosy bloom of health,
As with sparkling eyes they greet you,
As you look upon their Wealth.
And their lovely, spotless virtue,
And their snowy teeth of pearl
Merit all the World's high honor
Oh, the pretty farmer's girl.

You can see his golden harvest,
As it spreads along the street.
You can hear the hum of voices,
And the sound of tramping feet.
Just look on the racks of fodder
Filled with all that they can hold,
And the tread of countless thousands
Gazing on the wreaths of gold.

Look upon his sons, admire them
In their manhood proud and grand,
As they give their happy greeting;
Grasp their brown and honored hand!
They're not dressed perhaps in broad cloth
But they take a fearless stand,
You can't judge a man by clothing,
He might dress in rags so old,
But beneath his tattered garments
Beats a perfect heart of gold

Oh my grand and proud Missouri,
We will ever by thee stand;
We will ever sing thy praises
On the noisy old brass band;
And the Stars and Stripes shall flutter,
As thy sunlight proudly streams,
And Columbia smiles and beckons,
While the brave old eagle screams.

Oh Missouri, Proud Missouri,
How thy hills and valleys spread,
As their yellow harvests glitter,
While the sun shines over head.
We will honor, love and praise thee;
We will breathe thee in our prayer,
As thy stars and stripes still glitter
At the Chillicothe Fair.

The Old Family Circle.

I can see my dear old mother
Sitting at the cottage door.
Oh, those happy days of childhood,
If I could but live them o'er.

I can hear her softly singing
In the cold gray evening light,
In sweet tones with tears of sadness:
"Where's My Wandering Boy To-night."

I can feel the evening breezes
Cross the meadows brown and sere,
In that little family circle
I can see one vacant chair.

I can see my only brother
Through the twilight sadly roam,
And the sad thought often strikes me:
Do they miss me back at home?

My old Father softly slumbers
In the twilight's shadows gray,
But I hope in joy to meet him
On that glorious Judgement Day.

I can see them gazing Eastward
In the twilights's silvery gloam,
And I wonder if they miss me
From the circle back at home.

Oh, that little broken circle
I would love to see tonight,
With their glad and joyous welcome
They would fill me with delight.

I am humble and unworthy,
 As through life I sadly roam,
But I loved to be remembered
 By the folks all back at home.

I can see their smiles of gladness,
 As success I proudly claim
In that little family circle;
 I can hear them speak my name.

I am torn from their bosom,
 Through this cold world I must roam,
But my heart is sadly longing
 For I love them back at home.

But the years are swiftly passing
 In their silence calm and sweet,
And that little broken circle
 Once again will get to meet.

When the Pearly Gates are opened,
 And I cross Death's silent foam
I will meet my dear old Mother,
 And the folks all back at home.

Stepping Toward the Grave.

'Twas only yesterday I stood
 In Joy beside my Mother's knee.
In childhood's hour just yesterday
 I cried and laughed in brightest glee.
Look! How the years are passing by
 The Winter's snow, the rose's bloom,
A few more tears, and then this clay
 Shall molder in the silent tomb.
A few more steps, this weary load
 In silence I will cast aside.
A few more sorrows and my bark
 Will float upon Death's silvery tide.
Life hath its cloudy, dismal day.
 A ray of sunshine lights the end.
Just one more step and I will leave
 My nearest and my dearest friend.
The moments fly, the ages roll,
 I see my angel mother stand
Beckoning to me down the gulf of years.
 To cross Death's sea to that better land.
Just yesterday I stood a youth,
 And drank amid life's sweetest joy,
And threw the precious hours away,
 A reckless and a thoughtless boy.
If I could just call back the years,
 And use the hours that hurried past,
I would not shudder when I leap
 Into Eternity silent and vast.

Look! How the seasons come and go;
I feel Death's cold and chilling wave.
Just yesterday a speechless child,
Now one foot tottering in the grave.

Each heart beat drags me slowly down;
I'm sailing toward that distant clime.
Each hour, each second, speeds me on,
I'm drifting down the stream of time.

I've let the years all slip away,
And I'm useless now—just a guilty slave.
I've not done anything, but I'm weary for sleep;
Just one more step to the silent grave.

Destiny,

Where are we going?

Where shall we end?

Give me thy hand

E're I leave thee my friend!

Life hath its mystery,

And Death its woe;

The gold chord is broken,

And then we must go.

Eternity vast hath its fathomless deep,

These clay lips shall close

In Death's long, peaceful sleep.

An Eternity endless on either hand

When Life's frail thread is severed;

Oh where shall we stand?

No idling—No straying,

No laughter—No play;

Oh, where are you standing,

My Brother, today?

Where are we going?

Where shall we end?

Give me thy hand!

E're I leave thee, my friend.

Beautiful Sunset Land.

Torn from a bleeding heart away
The pride of my youthful bloom
Sweetly sleeps mid the roses of May,
In the shade of the cold gray tomb.
Those lovely eyes are forever closed.
That smile I shall see no more.
A cloud of sorrow enwraps my soul;
Those happy days are o'er.
A tender voice I used to hear
Now whispers no more of love,
But in sweetest dreams she is calling to me
From the mansions of Peace above.

Of in the golden even tide
Hand in hand we wandered away,
And whispered tender words of love
Mid the roses and violets so gay,
And though above her little mound
The Winter winds blow chill,
And her rosy cheeks are pale in death
A fond heart mourns her still.
And her deep blue eyes are forever closed,
That have smiled on me so grand,
As we gazed on the clouds of blue and gold
In that Beautiful Sunset Land.

Oh, those golden hours
Have fled on wings,
And closed are those lips of clay,
But I hope to meet my love again
In that home of eternal day.
I long to stand by her side once more

And smile on her soft blue eyes,
And press her to my heart again
Beyond the star-lit skies.
I long to smile on her golden locks,
And press her snowy hand,
And plant a kiss on her rosy lips
In that Beautiful Sunset Land.



Good Bye, Little Girl, Good Bye.

Good bye, little girl, good bye.

You're going to leave, they say.
You're leaving the cold dumb shores of time
To bloom in that better day.

Your mamma will miss you my little dear,
And your laughing deep blue eyes
Will for ever close in the shadow land,
To smile in the crystal skies.

Your golden locks will be laid away
With many a parting tear,
And your laughing voice and your smiling face
Will be missed for many a year.

The angels are going to take you away
Beyond the star-lit sky;
Your mamma will never see you again.
Good Bye, Little Girl, Good Bye.

Ashes to Ashes and Dust to Dust.

Silently, laid in his youthful bloom,
 'Neath the falling shades
Of the cold, gray tomb,
 Where the autumn shadows fall silently
 round
There lay him so softly and tenderly down.
There shall he lie in the mould and the rust,
 Ashes to ashes and dust to dust;
And there in the twilight cold and gray,
 His form shall rest till the Perfect Day.
His sorrows are over, his life work is done, —
 No rust shall corrode with the rising sun;
No moth shall devour, and no thieves shall
 break in,
For his spirit has fled from the shadows of sin.
His form rests in peace 'neath the dew and
 the sod.
And his soul marches on with the legions of God;
 In the sunshine of youth all his sorrows
 are o'er,
And he sings with the saints on that evergreen
 shore.

Abraham Lincoln.

Yes, Lincoln arose from the humble,
To pilot the old "Ship of State,"
And he fell as a grand, fearless Martyr
'Neath the grim silent message of Fate.

He saw this broad land washed in blood stain,
And the star spangled banner go down,
And beneath the foul footsteps of Treason
It was trod 'neath an enemy's frown.

But he stood by the down-trodden black race,
By the flag of his country and God,
And his fame shall march down through the ages,
Though he sleeps 'neath the dew and the
sod.

Rest on in thy slumbers! Oh Lincoln,
Till the glorious break of the dawn,
As the ages roll on in their splendor
Till their endless procession is gone.

And thy deeds, thou immortal Lincoln,
Shall live on till the Perfect Day
When these pillars of cold gray marble
Shall have crumbled to ashes away.

Be Somebody.

You've bummed 'round here

'Bout long enough,

Just show them you're made

Of the right kind of stuff,

And "Be Some Body."

Don't lay 'round, drink whiskey,

And gamble and cuss,

And every five minutes get into a fuss!

Don't loaf on goods boxes, play cards and
dance!

Success will soon come if you give it a chance.

Don't fool around and waste time,

And gamble and play with the dungeons of Hell

Till they've led you astray,

But "Be Some Body."

The road is as easy, the pathway as light

Just to turn against the Wrong,

With your face toward the Right.

Start right now; do not tarry, and falter and
stop,

Push onward and upward, there's room at the
top.

Please "Be Some Body."

What's the use to be ouery,

And shunned by the rest

When you might just as well

Be considered the best.

What's the use to be a drunkard

A haggard, a drone?

When you might just as well be a King on a
throne.

What's the use to get nervous
Faint hearted and pale,
And think all the time
That you're going to fail?
Push right up to the front,
Strike hard when you hit!
Just show to the world,
You've got the grit!
For God's sake Brace up!
And "Be Some Body."



True Wealth.

I would rather live in a cottage-small
Where the warbling birds of Springtide
call
With a happy wife to love me dear,
And fill my heart with heavenly cheer,
And sweet contented children gay
To welcome me home at the close of day,
Than to live in a palace of marble and gold,
With the scorns of a Pride,
That is heartless and cold,
With the grandeur of wealth,
And the blindness of Power,
That can last at its most,
But a feverish hour.

I would rather look to that mansion above
To that home of peace and joy and love,
And that Wealth that fadeth not away
Which I shall claim on that Perfect Day.

Autumn.

King Autumn comes from his Northern fold
With his icy crown and his robes of gold.
From the Northern pine to the Southern palm
The summer smiles serene and calm.
The wind still kisses the faded rose,
And the yellow leaves rest in their Winter's repose.
The crow is still calling, the gray hawk still
screams
And the summer reposes 'mid silvery dreams.
The cold frosts are falling, the streams are all
dumb
And the bare trees are waiting for winter to
come.
The black birds are gathering, the robin is gone,
And the bleak winds are wailing from
night fall till dawn.
The large reddened apple still hangs on the
tree,
And the sweet golden peaches are ripening in
glee.
The rich purple clusters of grapes on the vine
Will turn into red sparkling glasses of
wine.
The golden ear'd corn stands in shocks far away,
And the meadows are clad in their russet
and gray.

The ripe yellow pumpkins now smile in the sun
And the snow birds dart by in their frolic
and fun.

The woodlands are silent, the river is still,
And the goldenrod blossoms on top of
the hill.

The quail softly whistles, the rabbits still play
And the leaves slowly drift through the
cold autumn day.

The owl sadly hoots from the shade of the glen
And the coon sneaks away to the mouth
of his den.

The pheasant still flies and the possum now
trails,
And the chipmunk still creeps on the old
mossy rails.

The red moon of autumn drops down in the
West

And old "Mother Nature" has sunk to her rest.
Old autumn sleeps on in his weary repose,
And the Winter King comes with his
mantle of snows.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Let empires rise, and kingdoms fall,
And great men pass away,
Still may the glorious stars and stripes
Adorn the break of day.

Should Greece and Rome shake off their dust,
And gain their giant sway
They could not place a brighter star
On twilights robes of gray

Though England rears her Edwards great
Or Gladstones by the score,
How many Roosevelts can she place
On Times immortal shores.

Napoleon's men surprised the world
His navies wrecked the sea,
But Roosevelt's peaceful victories won
The great land of the free.

Let Caesar shed the rust of time
And cast aside the grave
To stare upon a greater Rome,
Than Europe ever gave.

Though Lincoln bound the nations wounds
And greatness did display
The dove of peace has hovered o'er
The ruler of our day.

May rulers rise to awe the world,
Their navies sweep the sea;
Long may such rulers hold in dower
The great land of the free.

Let Freedom's starry banner wave,
Let fleets the cannons roar
Until his gain has been the last
Of fame's unending store.

The Devil's "Want Column".

Wanted, a man that can blackguard and swear,

Wanted, a man that can get on a tear,

Wanted, a man that can puff cigarettes.

A man that plays cards, lies and gambles
and bets.

Wanted, a man that beats his wife,

That don't love his children or care for
their life.

Wanted, a man that has hurried through school

That has bummed around the stores

On a goods box or stool.

Wanted, a man, when the boss aint at work,

That will lay around and sleep,

Have a good time and shirk.

One that talks 'bout his neighbors,

And cheats when he can.

One that don't go to Church—

He's the kind of a man.

Wanted, one that thinks more of style than real
needs

One that kills out the grass

To give room for the weeds.

One that steals, hates his God

Robs poor widows and then—

For Hell is filled up to the top with such men.

Childhood's Happy Hours.

Take me back to childhood's hours,
 Back among the birds and flowers.
Take my burdened soul along,
 Let me hear the mock bird's song.

Let me see the meadows wide
 With verdant forests on each side,
That I might live those sweet hours o'er,
 And visit memory's golden shore.

Throw aside my crown of care,
 Take me back to mother dear,
That I might wander 'neath the trees
 And hear the songs of birds and bees.

Take O, take me back once more,
 Back to childhood's golden shore.
Let me hear the songs of birds,
 Let me see the lowing herds.

Let me to the woodland go,
 Where the sweetest breezes blow.
Take me back among the flowers,
 Take me back to childhood's hour.

The Dear Old Country School.

The final day confronts us,
And we children all must part,
I cannot bear the sorrow,
That enwraps my broken heart.

Oh, well do I remember
How I learned my A. B. C's
While the little birds sang praises
In all the leafy trees.

Dear happy faces greet me,
Sweet rosy cheeks, blue eyes
Will close in death—I'll meet them
Beyond the starry skies

Those were sweet bygone days,
When we romped in shadows cool.
We must part in tears and sorrow
In the dear old country school.

Oh, the dear old country school,
Oh, the dear old country school,
Where the Teacher used to teach us,
With the dreaded hickory rule.

Oh, those days are all gone by,
And we cannot live them o'er,
We will all gaze sadly backward
To fond Memory's golden shore.

We must all learn Life's hard lesson,
Time is listless cold and cruel.
There are things to not be mastered
In the dear old country school.

We will never meet again
'Neath the gray oak's shadows cool.
With the birds and bees and sunshine
In the dear old country school.

The Teacher.

Dedicated to Prof. F. L. Maxwell, of the Chillicothe
Normal College, on his fiftieth birthday, in whose
classes I, as well as thousands of others have been
led to see all that tends to the higher in life.

I am only a humble Teacher,
And no mansions of gold are mine,
But I have a wealth that is greater,
Than a home on the castled Rhine.

My clothes they are tattered and ragged,
And I often times get kind o' blue,
But my tears are all kissed by that dear little
wife
Whose affection is ever true.

When the World seems to frown on my labors
And my soul is enwrapped with its chill
Her soft little arm is around my neck,
And she whispers: "I love you still."

Oh, why should I care for the World's cold
Wealth,
Or the maddened rush for gold
When man's dear affection, and Eternity
vast

In my grip I now guide and hold.

With J. P. Morgan and old John D.
On "Wall Street" I cannot stay,
But man can not know all the good I have done
Till the dawn of the Judgement Day.

Yes, I know that my cottage is humble and poor
And Castles I cannot hold,
But I have a sway that is greater far,
Than is wielded by silver or gold.

My frame will return to the silent dust,
I will sleep in an unmarked grave;
No books have I wrote—no speeches made,
No banners for me shall wave.

No costly marble will tell the tale
Of triumphs I have won or lost;
No Poet will sing in his measured rhyme
Of the sorrows and tears it has cost.

But my smiles and my deeds they will ever live;
The World will not know where I lie,
But my life through my pupils will ever go on;
No teacher can ever die.

The Old Silent Mill.

I often recall the happy day,
 When in childhood's hours
I used to play with the bare foot lads
 At the old Mill Pond,
But those happy days are now faded and gone.

Happy were we with hook and line
 To cast in the water beneath the old pine,
I and Walter and Oscar and Bill.
 I often think of those playmates still,
Sweet Anna and Lena with calico dress,
 How her and Billy would often caress.
How I and Billy would often fall out,
 When we both would go 'round for a
 season and pout;
How we would lean over the moss covered brink
 And scare off the tad poles to get a cold
 drink.

I oft' in my fancy can see the old Mill,
 As it stood there so sombre and lonely and
 still.
We were bare footed urchins
 With nothing to do,
But build big toy fleets,
 And use chips for a crew.

Our mock fleets would skirmish
 Again and again;
And we mimicked George Dewey
 As he battled with Spain.
But those bright happy days
 In the past sadly lie,
And I often look back
 With a tear in my eye.

How I wish we could meet,
And live over the time
That I now would retrace
In this picture of rhyme.
Just to grasp their dear hand
And to hail that same line,
To my care-worn heart would be pleasure
divine.

But those days are all gone,
And my line is now cast
In the harbor of dreams in the days of the past.
From my troublesome sleep
I now often times start
As I dream of the days
Now engraved on my heart,
And my soul often wanders
Calm sweetly and still
To the days when we played
Round the old silent mill.

The Cross-Roads.

In the bloom of youth as we look down the silent vista of years we behold two roadways leading in opposite directions.

One is broad and beautiful and the other is uninviting, hard to follow.

The broadway is lined on either side with beautiful flowers, and towering pines.

The helpless wanderer is lured to this side and that by the soft mellow strains of the sweetest music.

Beautiful women smilingly take him by the hand and lead him blindly on.

Almost before he is aware he is standing before the bar.

Poor helpless wretch. He takes his first glass.

In his imagination, as he raises it to his lips he can see his old gray haired mother beckoning to him from the realms of Paradise, imploring him, with tears in her eyes, to keep his promise he had made her on her death-bed, to always be a good boy.

How his conscience stings him.

In his heart he avows to be a better man, but his will power is gone.

He takes another glass, and still another.

He goes to the ball room, the gambling den, the murderer's grave and Hell.

Alas—if he had only taken the other road.

I will grant, that it is narrow.

Here and there are hidden pitfalls.

Now and then a cloudy day, and a few
trials and troubles, a hill now and then to climb.

A tear now and then to shed, but they are
only tests, that fit us for all Eternity.

In the vigor of manhood, as you stand
ready you must travel one of these two roads.

One is broad, lined on either side with
flowers and sunshine, and leads to Hell.

The other is narrow, and filled with trials
and tribulations and leads to eternal life.

Which of these two roads will you travel?



The Vanished Hand.

We love to look back beyond the silent grave.

We think we hear the flutter of the wing;
In this brief spell we are a fettered slave.

We love to hear the snowy Angels sing.
Careworn beside our earthy task we stand,
And look in vain to see the silvery fold.
In tears we long to grasp a vanished hand
That beckons from the "Beautiful City of
Gold."

We love to think, that when this mortal coil
Is cast beneath the tread of hurrying feet,
And careworn when we leave our earthly toil,
That somewhere we can find those treasures
sweet.

We love to think, beyond the Pearly gates
With smiles and kisses some dear friend
awaits.

Greatness.

What is greatness in this World
Full of sorrow and of strife?
That which heroes doth unfurl
On the battle field of Life.

It is not time's architects
Rising in their power and fame
Leaving Life's sea strewn with wrecks,
That deserve immortal name.

Tis the man with mind that's willing
To protect us for the Right.
To go forth in the wide world's battles,
And be victor in the fight.

Alexander was the victor
O'er the conquered men of Tyre,
But it did not make him greater
When he slew with sword and fire.

To be great we must know our weakness
For we came but from the clod,
And we're but the humble'st creatures
Placed beneath the hand of God.

Columbia the Conqueror.

When England rose in boundless wrath
To harm her daughter o'er the sea
She trampled in the narrow path,
That made our land of Liberty.

They came like Tyrants from a throne
Obedience to their laws compel,
But they by Right were o'er thrown,
And like the Romans rose and fell,

Yes, and their British blood was spilled
They sank upon a conquered knee,
Their greatest wishes were unfilled—
To rule this great land of the free.

The sons of men of Pilgrim fame
Stood like the mighty hosts of old,
Arose from their baptismal name,
And won the glorious land we hold.

They came not from the monarch's throne
To make some weaker people yield
They came not in their royal robes
To win fame on the battle field.

Our fathers left their homes of peace
To stand for sacred Rights of God
The monarch's iron sway to cease,
And win the land on which we trod.

We are the men to face the storm
To watch the turning hands of Fate
To stand through thrilling times of harm,
And rightly steer the "Ship of State."

Long may Columbia's banner wave
In peaceful folds high in the air
To triumph o'er the conquered grave,
And stand in might for Freedom fair.

Long, long may live this glorious land;
Long may Columbia's banner wave.
Long may her peaceful glories stand
For homes of freedom and of brave.



Affection.

I knelt before her smile in reverent thought
And pressed on her sweet lips a loving kiss.
I asked myself—What grander hath God
wrought?

These rosy cheeks the sweetest of Heaven's
bliss.

I squeezed her soft white hand in tender'st
care,

And pressed her to my heart in deepest love,
And from my eyes fell many a joyful tear
While the angels gazed in rapture from
Heaven above.

Her blue eyes smiled in precious love divine.
In golden ringlets hung her yellow hair,
And I softly whispered will you please "Be
Mine?"

Though I'll deserve your smile so pure and
fair.

And still I linger as the years roll by,
For just one kiss, and a smile from her deep
blue eye.

Immortality.

There is something mighty
 Beyond Time's shining face,
Where Muses wander,
 And the mystic chord
Strikes not the heart of mortal being.
 Where the power of Worlds
Sits on the great white throne,
 And beckons from the dim blue vaults
To flying Time to leave no trace
 Upon the endless chain of passing ages.

When Spirits sound the bugle blast,
 And golden trains stop still,
When heated circuits are amazed,
 And swinging globes fall
From accustomed paths.
 When massive works are opened.
And the ringing accents
 Pierce the distant caves:
When Creation's King stands unarrayed
 And mystic secrets lie unfold
The mightiest of the mighty
 Commingle and converse condition's goal.

The tiniest flower that decks the water's edge
 Unfolds the self same tale
Of valued volumes old
 Springs from the darkened mould
Blooms, falls to clay again to spring
 In Future's sun and shower
Continues thus through Natures passing train.

Night's silvery lamp
Or daylight's massive beacon
Arises in the start,
And sees it to the end,
But as we see adorns another spell,
And nothing is destroyed,
But changed in form.

Oh, Master of Nations
Builder and destroyer of Worlds
Shape thee our destinies,
As thou would's't do.

We are as it were
A pinch of mortal dust
Cast careless on the winds,
To fall to sordid earth,
And spring in Heaven's light,
Or go sadly down to eternal fires,
And everlasting Death,
As we select beyond the Pearly gates
Or join that endless throng,
Where Satan rules supreme.

Lost.

I heard a voice from out Eternity,
 Echoing down the silent vista of years,
In accents dim, disconsolate and free.
 With a maddened glare I gazed through
 bitter tears.

I saw a dim, weird spectre wrapped in white,
 Beckoning to me to cross the silent wave.
I felt the chilling frosts of Death's cold blight,
 And 'round me fell the darkness of the
 grave.

The black and angry billows 'round me lashed.
 I heard the tolling of the gurgling knell,
My frail bark on the waves then madly dashed.
 I said then—Tell me, Spectre, is this Hell?

I listened to the weeping of the lost,
 The hopeless wail and gnashing then of
 teeth.

My poor soul there in glaring flame was tossed,
 Where I, throughout all time, must groan
 and wreathe

He drew his bloody dagger from my heart
 He then rose slowly from the silent strife.
His grinning skeleton echoed "Thou art Lost"
 Go on thou Wretch. This is Eternal Life.

“Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.”

Night's silvery veil hung low
On the Jordan's golden flow,
And the hills and valleys round
Echoed with a holy sound,
And bright angels seemed to fly
From beyond the star-lit sky.

All the prophecies foretold.
From Creation grand and old
How God's legends had unfurled,
From the making of the World
Of the coming of that gem
On the plains of Bethlehem.

Gold winged Seraphs led the way,
In the twilight's silvery gray,
And sweet Anthems softly rose
On the morning's deep repose,
And words sounded from the glen
“Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.”

In the manger cradle lay,
At the break of golden Day
'Neath the gaze of sages wise
Led there 'neath the starlit skies.
Led to where Sweet Mary lay
In the morning cold and gray.

Through the marble halls of time
Through the reign of War and Crime
Since he died upon the cross
We have suffered from his loss.

Upward then he turned his eyes,
Toward the clear and crystal skies,
And his spirit grand and true
Said "They know not what they do
Cursed I am, but leave them free
On these plains of Galilee."
And beneath that crown of thorns
Mangled with the captors scorns
Suffered, died, ascended then
Christ, who died for good of men.
Live thou on Oh precious Lamb!
Ring thou bells of Bethlehem!
Sing thy praises just as then,
"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Drifting.

We are drifting, drifting, drifting,
Toward that cold and silent clime.
We are drifting, drifting, drifting,
Down the silent stream of time.

Idle tears and bitter heartaches,
Pale, cold faces haunt my dream,
With the moaning of the billows,
As I float along the stream.

Man without a purpose falters,
With a face down cast and pale,
Like a ship without a rudder,
He will sink before the gale.

In the great eternal silence
Soon the ages glide away,
And the chilling frosts of autumn
Kill the lovely flowers of May.

In sad tears I often wonder
Why some men will drift along,
With their weary lives still trailing
In the thorny path of Wrong.

Why will man imperial, God-like,
Stoop to be a shackled slave?
Why will men who might be angels
Fill at last a drunkard's grave?

There are men who stand and beckon,
And their ragged ranks still swell,
As they stagger, poor sad outcasts,
Down that awful path to Hell.

How their poor souls shriek in torture
How their bleared eyes fill with tears!
As their trembling, feeble, footsteps
Sweep the silent gulf of years.

Why should you, my dearest brother,
Drop your oars then by your side!
While your bark without a Pilot
Drifts and floats along the tide.

Who could not float with the current?
Who could not drift with the crowd?
Just to hear their noisy plaudits,
As they ring so grand and loud.

But to row against the current
Takes a different kind of man.
You must crush all opposition.
You must have a steadfast plan.

Yes, the crowd will hiss and jeer you,
They will scorn you in their pride,
But no man ever reached the top
By drifting with the tide.

Have an Ideal grand and lofty
In the distance high and far,
Strive and pray still toiling onward
Ever upward toward your star.

The Separation.

Oh, could I but recall that morn
My heart was filled with sinful scorn
When last I pressed her to my heart;
Twas not to be we had to part.
How dear she was? How sweet her smile,
Her face, it haunts me all the while.
She was my first, my only love;
The Seraphs smiled from heaven above,
While I gazed into her calm gray eyes
More beautiful than summer skies.
I mourn that loss, and always will;
I wonder if she loves me still.
I wonder if that raven hair,
So young, so beautiful and fair
Is streaked with gray?
I weep, I mourn, I turn away;
I would not, could not bear to stay.
That graceful form I still can see;
I wonder if she thinks of me.
If I could hold her hand in mine
And gaze into those eyes divine,
And call her once again my own,
This broken heart would cease to moan.
Betrothed were we. The day was set;
Long years have gone, I love her yet.
When we think of each the tear drop starts
From two once fond now broken hearts.
Could I, ere life's short pace is gone,
Recall love's sweet and rosy dawn,
My heart would leap from sorrows chill;
I love her now and always will.

Dolly's Play House.

Oh, those glad wild days
And those childish plays.
How happy was Dolly then,
With her calico dress,
And her mother's caress,
As she played in the Woodland glen
Oh, her silken curls!
How sweet she did sing
When so often she played
Round the old grape vine swing.
There was dirt on her face
From the old pumpkin pies
As I kissed her sweet lips,
And her soft blue eyes
We're calm as the cloudless summer skies.
In my dreams I can see her
As I wake in tears
At the calm, sweet thots
Of those happy years.
Oh, the moss covered fence,
It has rotted and gone
And from the old well the last water is
drawn.
You can hear the old robin
Still sing her sweet song
Near the playhouse and toys
At the breaking of dawn.
You can see broken dishes
Where the fence used to be;
If you list' you can hear
The droll hum of a bee.

You can see her dear name
 Deeply carved on a tree,
If you look you can tell
 Where the swing used to be.
But Dolly's blue eyes
 Are now folded in sleep
From which no one returns
 From its slumbers so deep.
I oft times now roam
 In a lullaby dream
To the evergreen bank
 Of the old silver stream.
As I gaze in its depths
 I jump back in despair,
As I see my deep wrinkles,
 And silvery white hair.
I can hear the soft breezes
 As the years hurry on
Still whisper and sigh
 Where has Dolly now gone?

The Reconciliation.

If you would only love me
 My darling little girl.
The angels beyond the starlit skies
 Would smile from their gates of pearl.

The clouds would change into sunshine
 And the darkest hour into day.
I can see thy blue eyes smiling
 As I look in the distance away.

Now darling don't you love me still?
 Will you promise to ever be true?
For I shall ever love you dear,
 No other one but you.

And now that you left me weeping
 When you left mid the roses of May,
How many tears have you shed for me
 Since you left on that summer day.

How many heart aches have you had?
 My thots are all with thee.
How many prayers my darling dear
 Have you breathed to heaven for me.

Hark! Tis the sound of foot steps
 And the door is open wide
And the girl is standing before me
 That once was my happy bride.

In a loving embrace she enfolds me
 And she showers me with kisses and tears
And we knelt at the grave of our little child
 That we lost in the by-gone years.

"If You Can't Speak Well Of
People, Don't Say Anything
At All.

As you travel life's hard journey
From the cradle to the grave,
And you see men's petty weakness
Side by side with heroes brave
Try to see the good in people
You will find it if you look.
Good is in the blackest villain
That you ever under took.

Scatter sunshine in your pathway.
Lift your fallen brother up;
Do not try to kick him downward,
Sprinkle kindness from your cup.
Don't speak slightly of your neighbor,
Let the seeds of sunshine fall,
If you can't say some thing cheerful
Don't say anything at all.

Scatter flowers along your pathway.
Let the sweet canaries sing,
If you haven't tried it Do so!
It will make of you a King.
Life to you is what you make it.
It is true some men will fall.
If you can't speak of their virtue
Don't say anything at all.

Don't be telling of their weakness.

You are not the one to say.

Try to cheer the poor old widow,

Try to make life bright and gay.

Judge not, you may be found wanting;

Don't be low and mean and small.

If you cannot justly praise them

Don't say anything at all.

Don't just look for faults; you'll find them

Anywhere you chance to trod.

Do not try the dangerous quicksand.

Do not drift that far from God.

Don't get way down there in Life's scale,

In the mud and muck and mire

If you look for faults or virtues

You will find what you desire.

Don't pick flaws while traveling downward

Toward the shadows of the Pall;

If you can't speak of men's praises

Don't say anything at all.

Lend a strong arm to the helpless,

Try to make your life worth while;

Cheer the poor sad hearted orphan

With a kind word and a smile.

Let the roses bloom in fragrance,

Where your steps by chance may fall;

If you can't speak good of people

Don't say anything at all.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

The white cheif trods the silent course,
Where Warriors winged their way.
A prouder man than Caesar walked
In Rome's imperial day.

The wailing pines on the ocean shore,
Their Northern welcomes sing,
As the solemn sound of song and prayer
Thru pathless forests ring.

No more the painted Warrior
Leaves his tracks upon the sand;
No more the peaceful settler falls
Beneath his bloody hand.

The golden sun comes from the East
To shade the Western glen,
And throw his glorious shadows
On a higher race of men.

The pilgrim fathers braved the storm
Across the billowed way
And built their roaring camp fires
Where a nation's cradle lay.

Around the roaring camp they sang
Of England's mountains gray;
Of marble statues, castle walls,
And Ruler's merciless sway.

They left their childhood's happy home
To worship thus afar;
To pierce a burning desert wide,
Beneath a Western Star.

They made an altar of the oak,
A temple of the sky,
To live and worship as they pleased
Their mighty God on high.

What have they done? The heathen cries,
As comes the mighty throng
When all the nation joins in chorus
In one grand solemn song.

When o'er the city's constant din
The flag of freedom looms,
And from the mountain's snowy height
The rusty cannon booms.

The prided yankee straightens up,
And says in a quick reply:
This is the most almighty power
That stands beneath the sky.

The Pilgrim Father's children rise,
A nation 'neath their sway
Has risen in the golden West
To grace the Judgement Day.

Those grand old men have fallen,
Not upon the field of Wrath;
In the march of flying legions
They have crossed time's silent path.

No marble statues tell their deeds
Of battles bravely won
Upon New England's rocky plains
Beneath a burning sin.

May Empires fall to silent dust,
And fondest hearts decay,
To leave their deeds like vespers shine
Upon the twilights gray.

The Resurrection.

The silver bells of Paradise
Shall toll in mournful rhyme,
And the silent graves shall open
On the cold dumb shores of time.

The Nations of the earth shall stand
In solemn vast array,
The crystal skies shall quickly melt
In fervent heat away.

The Master of the earth shall part
The Nations left and right,
And all his legions then shall stand
In Heaven's holy light.

The spirits of the lost will sink
In terror wild and dire;
Their weeping wretched souls shall burn
In awful lakes of fire.

The tortures of an awful Hell
Will blast immortal bloom,
A living death will be the end
Of Time's remorseless doom.

The holy saints of Paradise
Will sing in deathless song
And sweetest peace will fall around
That great and silent throng.

The mortal sons of men shall speak
From silent lips of clay,
And sing around the throne of God
Upon that Perfect Day.

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